

## The World

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### LABOR'S DAY.

In general observance throughout the nation Labor Day ranks with our two characteristic and time-honored holidays, the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday. Only in Arizona, Mississippi, Nevada and North Dakota is it not distinguished from the other days of the calendar.

In effect, this is labor's parade day, when the armies of industry march in review down the nation's many Pennsylvania avenues, as Grant's war host after Appomattox. They are wonderful processions, indicative of triumphant progress from a lowly estate into industrial and social supremacy. Do you recall the workingman of Elizabethan times as pictured in Shakespeare's plays in shabby homespun with leather apron, uncouth of manner and somewhat thick of speech? The dignity of labor to-day, its intelligence, its self-respect and its mental capacity shows a change from old conditions as wonderful as it is admirable. The knowledge that enables a man to build a locomotive or run a Hoe press or construct a dynamo carries with it a power that in this generation and in this country for the first time has won from society its adequate reward.

Some idea of the development of organization among labor may be gained by considering the American Federation of Labor alone has an aggregate membership of 2,000,000. It comprises 96 national unions, 406 city central unions and 1,378 local unions. It publishes 235 weekly or monthly papers. Thirty States and Territories have bureaus of labor and there is a National Department of Labor that has been in existence since 1885. Twenty-five States have eight-hour laws, and a law of this purport governs all laborers, workmen and mechanics in the employ of the United States.

The extent to which the strike figures in the existing relations of capital and labor is shown by the fact that in the twenty years from 1881 to 1900 there were 22,793 strikes by which 6,105,694 employees were thrown out of work. The average duration of these periods of idleness was twenty-four days, and the loss in wages to the strikers reached the enormous amount of \$257,863,478. Just one-half of these strikes were successful and about one-eighth (exactly 13 per cent.) were successful in part. It is a record of extreme interest.

### FAST AUTOMOBILING.

It appears that the automobile destroyed by fire on a railroad float in the East River was built to go eighty miles an hour and had been imported to enter in contests against Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's and Mr. Foxhall Keene's fast racing machines. Its untimely fate will be regretted.

What triumphs its owner must forego because of this untoward act of fate in consigning it to the flames before it had achieved a record or killed a pedestrian! As it is, we can only speculate on what Berkshire road might have achieved international fame for its performances. Perhaps there is a Stockbridge elm now inglorious which might have gained as wide renown as has the tree in the Pacy-sur-Eure road in France against which the Fair machine was wrecked and from which motor drivers now chip pieces of bark for souvenirs to set in gold mountings.

New Jersey, however, during the past week has contributed two records of fast automobilism that may assuage our grief. On Monday Mr. Morton Jones's forty-horse power car carried Mr. J. J. Astor into Morristown over the Chatham turnpike, "beating the Brokers' Express" on the Lackawanna. Later in the week Thomas A. Edison rode from Orange to Phillipsburg, Pa., in a thirty-five horse power machine. He, too, "beat a Lackawanna passenger train," and for a part of the way made the run at the rate of a mile a minute.

From which it is evident that the speed madness of the amateur chauffeur shows no abatement. Mr. Schwab's cross-Jersey runs, once deemed fast, have become but way-train records in the fast express service of millionaire automobilism.

### A TRIUMPH OF DIPLOMACY.

Palmerston and Talleyrand had their diplomatic triumphs; Mr. Hay has had his. But in securing peace with honor for the participants in the Newport dinner imbroglio Mr. Harry Lehr has won a victory no less renowned in its way than many recorded in the pages of history.

The status quo at Newport when Mr. Lehr appeared as arbitrator was this: Mrs. Oelrichs and the Baroness de Seilliere had selected the same date for a dinner and dance, and their invitations had been issued simultaneously. There was consternation among the invited guests. To accept the hospitality of one meant offense to the other great social force. To decline involved loss of prestige. There was no middle course, and the prospect was good for a disturbance of the concert of Newport. Those bidden held back their responses until the last moment in vain hope of a way out of the dilemma.

Meantime the situation with the hostesses grew portentous in its gravity. To make overtures or ask for a pourparier was to admit social inferiority. To advise a change of date was to assume a superiority of position menacing to the peace of society and threatening a war of retaliation out of which feuds might grow in the first families.

Appeared then Mr. Lehr with the happy suggestion that the Baroness should abandon her dance while retaining her dinner, while the other hostess should retain her dance while omitting the dinner. Thus those invited could avail themselves of each invitation without doing violence to the amity and comity of the powers concerned.

We cannot exactly say of Mr. Lehr that this was "diplomatic" diplomacy of the best sort, but that it was a victory of common sense in diplomacy is obvious.

### WALTZ OR TWO-STEP?

The dancing masters say that grace has gone with the waltz and that the two-step is too strenuous. They advocate the restoration both of the three-step waltz and the schottische. It is to be feared that they are seeking to introduce old goods in a market demanding novelties. Fashion sometimes reverts to the style of antiquity; Empire gowns came back in the days of a republic. But in dances the opposite holds good.

But if the two-step is less languidly graceful than the waltz, is it not a more agreeable dance to the eye because of its greater sprightliness? Why is it that we hear so much nowadays of the immorality of dancing? Is it that the dances have changed, or is the quicker and more active two-step less open to the objections which the more sedate waltz provoked from puritan censors? It is true that many of the youth find the two-step pastime of middle-age does not count.

## THE NOSE AND GRINDSTONE CLUB.

Conducted By  
UNCLE PEANUTBRITTLE.

(ROY L. MCARDLE.)

THIS is the age of henpeckery and feminine domination. What use to commiserate the disfranchisement of the negro in the South when the white man of the whole country is without vote or voice?

It is time to strike a blow for man's rights. We will organize a defense association to be known as "The Nose and Grindstone Club."

The women have become overbearing and intolerant. The playhouse, the press, and even politics are become supine institutions that exist only to cater and cringe to women. Looks are no longer written for men to read. War cares nowadays what plays please papa or Cousin Charley, so long as mamma and the girls think them just too sweet for anything and the costumes just too lovely for anything? Women are invading all trades and professions. It will not be long before the best selling books will close with descriptions like these:

"As for Marcia Murdoch falling in her attempt to poison the mind of Harold Throckmorton against Lilith, his Canadian bride, she settled down to the humdrum existence of a loop-the-loop artist in a small New England town, where her cruel caprice that had nearly wrecked the lives of Harold and Lilith was never known to any save those who read the Sunday papers."

Are we men or mice? But no; the comparison is futile. If we were mice the women would be afraid of us! Let us make a bold stand. Let us cast aside hypocrisy. Let us come out into the open. Let us defy the tyrant, women!

Let our watchword be:  
"Millions for offense, but not one cent for allyment!"

But in the beginning we must be as subtle as foxes and as wise as serpents. Begin to smoke in the parlor now, when the lace curtains have been taken down for the summer. By fall, following Uncle Peanutbrittle's advice, you may have so tamed the tyrant women of your household that you will no longer be compelled to go into the cellar to smoke.

Begin to demand now some of the money you earn. But do so adroitly, as we are not sufficiently strong in numbers or disciplined in organization to go upon a strike or to brave a lockout.

We must have a defense fund. Uncle Peanutbrittle will take charge of it. It will be as well not to antagonize the dominating sex too much at the beginning.

Let them be lulled to fancied security until the great day comes, and come it will, when the men of this nation, under the leadership of Uncle Peanutbrittle, the unarmored and unarmed, will shake off the shackles of henpeckery.

"But, remember, Bill, no violence." Keep it quiet that we are organizing and acclimating.

Avoid all suspicious actions. Do not arouse the intuitive instinct of wives and sweethearts that there is something unpleasant in store for them, because you look happy and contented.

We need not fear that the unquiet sex will ever read this department and so discover our secret. It will contain no figures six feet high and three inches thick showing the new sleeves worn with this season's summer gowns. There will be no erect-form corset half-tones printed here. The marriage notices will be printed on another page. We will keep this department far from the bargain sale advertisements. "How to Remove Superfluous Flesh, Rust Stains and Facial Blemishes by Will Power" will be a topic never touched on here.

We will run the portraits of prominent figures in the movement for MAN'S rights from time to time, and the women will think it a reading notice advertisement and will skim lightly over it to pick up the cross-examination in the society divorce case continued from page 1.

Uncle Peanutbrittle is taking up the fight for you, men of America.

For married men whose fetters fester, for the unmarried and unthinking, to whom he will show the snares and pitfalls in their paths.

This is Uncle Peanutbrittle's department and his duty. Are you with him or against him? If so, join "The Nose and Grindstone Club."

Answer by an application for membership.

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## Have You Been to a Cooking Function Yet?

Society Girls, Fashionable Gossip Says, Are learning to Cook.



### ONE OF MANY.



Milkins—What became of young Simkins, who was graduated from college last year?  
Biffins—Oh, he's still studying.  
Milkins—Studying what?  
Biffins—The newspaper want columns with a job as porter or janitor in view.

### OVERHEARD ON THE PIER.



Ernie—I think Belle has succeeded in catching Charlie Dash. But he is so awfully green.  
Ida—Well, you know, all lobsters are green when they are caught.

### TOO SLOW FOR HER.



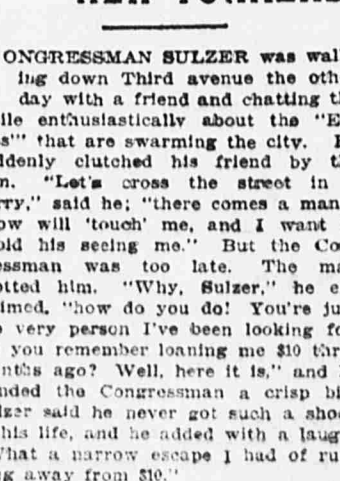
Maude—I understand young Croaker called on you the other evening.  
Clara—Yes, and he's too slow to get out of the way of a funeral.  
Maude—Is that so?  
Clara—It is. Why, he didn't do a thing but sit on the far end of the sofa and talk during the entire evening.

### POOR BIRD.



Beatrice—I'm afraid I shall have to poison our parrot.  
Maude—Why, does he swear?  
Beatrice—No, but ever since Willie Doodly spent the evening here he keeps saying "Oh, fudge!"

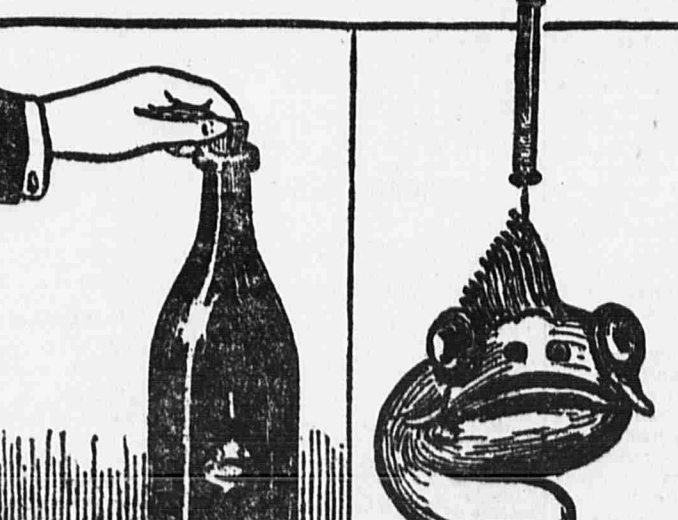
### TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.



CONGRESSMAN SULZER was walking down Third avenue the other day with a friend and chatting the while enthusiastically about the "Eagles" that are swarming the city. He suddenly clutched his friend by the arm. "Let's cross the street in a hurry," said he; "there comes a man I know will 'touch' me, and I want to avoid his seeing me." But the Congressman was too late. The man spotted him. "Why, Sulzer," he exclaimed, "how do you do! You're just the very person I've been looking for. Do you remember loaning me \$10 three months ago? Well, here it is," and he handed the Congressman a crisp bill. Sulzer said he never got such a shock in his life, and he added with a laugh: "What a narrow escape I had of running away from the!"

New York boasts every year an increasing number of book lovers and collectors of rare editions and unique findings. Among these, one of the most enthusiastic is C. W. Post, of No. 21 Park Row, who boasts in his library of rare volumes a copy of Shakespeare's "King Henry VI., 1. Part, Edited by Alfred Tennyson." There is not, so far as is known, another copy of this book in New York, and Mr. Post takes a book lover's pride in the rare volume.

### A TRAINED MICROBE IN A BOTTLE.



Make a microbe like the one in the picture, and about the same size, out of tinfoil. Hang him by a fine thread to a piece of goose quill about two inches long. Stop both ends of the quill with wax and in the lower end make a hole with a pin. Now put the whole thing into water, and by adding or taking away tinfoil, make it so the microbe will be under water and the end of the quill at the surface or sticking just a little above it. Now put the microbe in a bottle and fill it to the neck with water. When you press the cork in you will compress the air inside the bottle, which will cause the water to go through the pinhole in the bottom

of the quill and make the whole thing heavier. Then the microbe will slowly sink. When you pull out the cork the microbe will rise again. No one at a little distance will see you working the cork, and it will look as though the microbe were as much alive as the other microbes you can't see, but which just twenty-five miles. While distance does the courier travel—the ratio of movement between the army and courier being always the same.

### LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Two Weeks Before.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Should invitations for a church wedding be sent out two or three weeks before the date of the wedding?  
O. A. R.  
Martha Washington, 30 E. 34th St.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please tell me the address of the house or hotel for working or business women.  
J. S.  
She May Wear Colors. No.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
After a year of mourning for a parent can a lady wear colors or must she wear black and white for six months after? Also, can a young man wear a white or black and white waistcoat while in mourning? Mrs. W.  
"W. Q." Is Right—2 1-2, Though, Is Wrong.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If I want to ride a distance of 3,020 miles (the train going sixty miles an hour) and want to find how many days it will take, will I divide 3,020 by 60? M. M. says by 60 and 5-12 is the answer. W. Q. says divide by 60 and then by 24 and that will give the answer. It will be 21-8 days. W. P. QUINN.  
The Courier and the Army.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Who can solve this problem? While a courier rides from the rear to the van of an army twenty-five miles in length and returns to the rear the army moves just twenty-five miles. While distance does the courier travel—the ratio of movement between the army and courier being always the same.  
Why Not?  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can a policeman when on duty tip his hat when introduced to a lady?  
E. C. Jr., Ridgewood, L. I.

## MR. J. DUNNE BROWNE, The Gay Suburbanite.

By IRWIN THOMAS.

THERE is a coolness in New Venloville between Chilson Phoebe, the oldest communist, and Mr. J. Dunne Browne, the man who has purchased the dwelling on the same street two blocks further from the station than Mr. Chilson Phoebe's villa plot. Between their homes there are no houses. The land company is reserving the plot and next spring it is to be a tennis court to boom the new section that is to go up beyond Mr. J. Dunne Browne's home.

At present, however, there is an uninterrupted view, and Mrs. Browne, standing at the dining-room bow window, can see Mr. Phoebe when he goes for the 8:30 train which he takes each morning.

Twice J. Dunne Browne missed it the first week and lost caste with the whist players in the set he had joined. Then, knowing that Phoebe boasted he never missed the train, the dining-room clock was no longer depended upon; but when Mr. Phoebe put up the lawn mower or the garden rake and kissed Mrs. Browne good-by and started for the train Mrs. Browne told J. Dunne and he gathered himself together and hurried for the train.

On Wednesday last the dining-room clock was at one hour, the watch of Mr. Browne had stopped and the bedroom clock was twelve minutes off color according to the eating-room timepiece.

"Phoebe gone yet?" inquired J. Dunne, as he lingered over the breakfast food and heard the story of the catch on the cellar door being broken.

"No, he is still there," said Mrs. Dunne, and he lingered on.

After ten minutes he hustled out just in time to see Phoebe put away the garden rake.

Phoebe came out and continued on toward the village. Browne was back of him within easy sprinting distance. He stopped at the drug store and bought a cigar and had Phoebe in sight when he turned toward the station.

He caught up while Phoebe delivered the morning order to the butcher and met him as he came out. Together they walked to the station.

"We must be early," said Browne, cultivating the oldest commuter.

"For the 8:30?" asked Phoebe.

"Certainly," said Browne. "You never miss it."

"No, not when I am going to take it. But this morning my wife's mother is coming to visit us. She is to arrive on the 8:25 train, and I am going to meet her," said Chilson Phoebe, and he smiled broadly, adding: "My wife thought you would be late this morning when she saw you in the back yard with the chickens."

There was infinite pathos in the exclamation of Charles II.: "Don't let poor Nellie starve." The fair, frail beauty of the gutter and the stage in whose society he had delighted was his last thought on earth so far as he has any indication from his sayings. But nobler, it less marry, men than he have left behind them words which are not forgotten.

The Prince Consort, we are told, gave expression to a beautiful sentiment: "I have had wealth and rank and power," he said, "but if these were all I had had how wretched I should be!"

Garibaldi saw in two small birds that alighted on the window-sill of the room in which he was dying the re-embodied spirits of his two dead children. "Come to see their father die," as he said, "Be kind to them and feed them when I am dead," he implored those around. In these instances the thought was all of the others, not a word of repining as to self.

President Carnot, when at his last gasp, with blood streaming from the wound which the assassin's knife had caused, had only words of gracious thanks upon his lips to those who clustered about him.

Very beautiful, too, was the last scene in the life of Tennyson, which the son of the poet laureate has so tenderly described. He exclaimed, "I have opened it!" Whether this referred to one of his last poems, in which he speaks of the gate of heaven, we do not know. He breathed a blessing upon those around him. "He was quite restful, holding his wife's hand," Lord Tennyson has written, "and, as he was passing away, I spoke over him his own prayer, 'God accept him!' Christ receive him!" because I knew that he would have wished it."

### THE DUKE AND THE BARBER.

In olden days an English noble entered a barber shop, and upon inquiring for the master was answered by an apprentice of fourteen that he was not at home. "Do you shave, then?" asked the Duke. "Yes, sir, I always do," was the reply. "But can you shave without cutting?" "Yes, sir; I'll try," answered the youth. "Very well," said the Duke, while seating himself and loading his pistol; "but look here, if you let any blood, as true as I sit here I'll blow your brains out! Now, consider well before you begin."

After a moment's reflection the boy began to make ready and said, "I'm not afraid of cutting you, sir, and in a short time had completed the feat without a scratch, to the complete satisfaction of the Duke. In gentle tones his grace asked: "Were you not afraid of having your brains blown out when you might have cut me so easily?"

"No, sir; not at all; because I thought that as soon as I should happen to let any blood I would cut your throat before you could have time to fire."

The reply won from the Duke a handsome reward. It need scarcely be added he never resumed his dangerous threats in a barber shop. A lesson was taught him for life.

### MAGIC IN OLDEN TIMES.

In the records of ancient Jewish magic Solomon played the same role as Faust did in the Christian. By magic he was supposed to be able to satisfy all his desires, says Leslie's Weekly. The work known as the "Key of Solomon," which formed the basis of magic years ago, was written by some unknown Hebrew magician, and of it Latin, French and Italian versions exist in the British Museum. In searching among the books of his father, the Rev. S. M. Gollance, Prof. Hermann Gollance found a Hebrew copy made in Amsterdam in 1700, and on this manuscript he lectured at University College recently. If the master of magic who practises the art as laid down in the volume is pure in body and soul it is interesting to learn that he will be able to unbar bolts, get out of prison, harm his enemies and call up spirits from the deep.

### THE WORLD'S DEEPEST HOLE.

The deepest hole in the world is in Germany, near Leipzig. While boring for coal Capt. Huysen made some very valuable observations. He got down to a depth of 6,790 feet, and to go cost him \$50,000—a record sum for a single experiment of which the main purpose was to add to scientific knowledge. The hole was less than half a foot in diameter at the surface and tapered off to the thickness of a man's finger. A costly diamond drill had to be used; the rods to which it was attached weighed twenty tons and could not be put together or taken to pieces in less than ten hours.

### WASTED TIME.

YOU haven't time enough? You've all there is. Can you tell exactly how much time you need? I fear you are mistaken in your wants. It isn't time you lack, so much as speed. Cease loitering and to your life-task, bend. And you'll have time enough until the end. Oh, wasted moments, hours, and days, and years. For many a noble task form funeral biers. CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.